

A portrait of 2Pac on the right side of the album cover. He is wearing a dark jacket over a white shirt and a gold chain. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a warm, golden-brown gradient.

2PAC

ME

AGAINST

THE

WORLD

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

2Pac Lyrics

"If I Die 2Nite"

A coward dies a thousand deaths
A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Picturing pitiful punk niggas copping pleas
Puffing weed as I position myself to clock G's
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin'
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches
Evading the playa hating tricks while hitting switches
Bitches is bad-mouth, 'cause brawling motherfuckers is bold
But charge them hoes; the game should be sold
I'm sick of psychotic society, somebody save me
Addicted to drama, so even mama couldn't raise me
Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me
I run in the streets and puffing weed with my peeps
I'm duckin' the cops, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my Glock
Niggas is hot when I hit the block; what if I die tonight?

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]

If I die tonight
If I die tonight
Fuck it, if I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Polish your pistols, prepare for battle, pass the pump
When I get to poppin', niggas is droppin' then they done
Calling the coroner, come collect the fucking corpse
He got hit by a killer, preoccupied with being boss
Revenge is the method
Whenever steppin', keep a weapon close
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes
Jealous niggas and broke bitches equal packed jails
Hit the block and fill your pockets, making crack sales
Picture perfection, pursuing paper with a passion
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted
Running with criminals individuals with no remorse
Try to stop me, my pistol posse's using deadly force
In my brain all I can think about is fame
The police know my name
A different game, ain't a thing changed
I'm seeing cemetery photos of my peers
Conversating like they still here; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]

If I die tonight
Scare to die nigga, is ya, ha?
If I die tonight
Never fear, never worry

If I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Pray to the Heaven's, .357's to the sky
And I hope I'm forgiven for thug livin' when I die
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto for thug niggas
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers
Pissing while practicing how to pimp and be a playa
Overdose of a dick while drinking liquor when I lay her
Pistol whippin' these simps, for being petrified and lame
Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and pain
Going insane, never die, I live eternal, who shall I fear?
Don't shed a tear for me, nigga, I ain't happy here
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest
Headlines reading 'Murdered to death', my last breath
Take a look, picture a crook on his last stand
Motherfuckers don't understand; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]
Nigga! If I die tonight
No fear nigga, never worry
If I die tonight
Bury me a motherfucking G, closed casket fuck it
If I die tonight
You know
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
"Tonight's the night I get in some shit"
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

Writer(s): Norman Durham

2Pac Lyrics

"Me Against The World"

(feat. Puff Johnson, Dramacydal)

[2Pac:]

It's just me against the world
Nothin' to lose
It's just me against the world, baby
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world
Stuck in the game
Me against the world, baby

[2Pac:]

Can you picture my prophecy?
Stress in the city, the cops is on top of me
The projects is full of bullets, though bodies is droppin'
They ain't no stoppin' me
Constantly movin' while makin' millions
Witnessin' killings
Leavin' dead bodies in abandoned buildings
Can't reach the children 'cause they're illin'
Addicted to killin' and the appeal from the cap peelin'
Without feelin', but will they last or be blasted?
Hard headed bastard
Maybe he'll listen in his casket; the aftermath
More bodies being buried, I'm losin' my homies in a hurry
They're relocatin' to the cemetery
Got me runnin', stressin', my vision's blurry
The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me
I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers
Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger
Don't wanna make excuses, cause this is how it is
What's the use? Unless we're shootin' no one notices the youth
It's just me against the world, baby

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]

Me against the world
It's just me against the world
It's just me against the world
Me against the world
Cause it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
I got nothin' to lose

[Yaki Kadafi:]

Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself
See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, livin' wealthy
Pictures of my birth on this earth is what I'm dreamin'
Seein' daddy's semen, full of crooked demons
Already crazy and screamin'
I guess them nightmares as a child
Had me scared, but left me prepared for a while

Is there another route? For a crooked outlaw
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall

[E.D.I. Mean:]

Everyday there's more death, and plus I'm dough-less
I'm seein' more reasons for me to proceed with thievin'
Scheme on the schemin' and leave they peeps grievin'
Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up
I'm about to act up, go load the MAC up, now watch me klacka
Tried makin' fat cuts, but yo, it ain't workin'
And evil's lurkin', I can see him smirkin' when I gets to pervin'
So what? Go put some work in, and make my mail
Makin' sales, riskin' 25 with a L, but oh well

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]

Me against the world
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world
It's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world
It's just me against the world, baby
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
Me against the world
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby

[2Pac:]

With all this extra stressin'
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath
When will I finally get to rest through this oppression?
They punish the people that's askin' questions,
And those that possess steal from the ones without possessions
The message I stress: to make it stop, study your lessons
Don't settle for less, even the genius asks his questions
Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence
The power is in the people and politics we address
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic
And when you get stranded
And things don't go the way you planned it
Dreamin' of riches, in a position of makin' a difference
Politicians are hypocrites, they don't wanna listen
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change
It wasn't nothin' like the game, it's just me against the world

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]

Me against the world
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
Got me stuck in the game, it's just me against the world
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world

[2Pac:]

Hahaha, that's right
I know it seem hard sometimes
But uh, remember one thing

Through every dark night, there's a bright day after that
So no matter how hard it get
Stick your chest out, keep your head up, and handle it!

Thanks to Mortada Tofi, Juanita for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Richard Rudolph, Minnie Riperton, Hal David, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Leon Ware, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge, Yafeu A. Fula, Burt F Bacharach

2Pac Lyrics

"So Many Tears"

I shall not fear no man but God
Though I walk through the valley of death
I shed so many tears
If I should die before I wake
Please God walk with me
Grab a nigga and take me to Heaven

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dying breed
Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest
Until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest
Tell me can you feel me
I'm not living in the past, you wanna last?
Be the first to blast Remember Kato
No longer with us; he's deceased
Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets, now rest in peace
Is there heaven for a G? Remember me
So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears

!! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm struggling in this business, by any means
Label me greedy gettin' green, but seldom seen
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm having visions
Of leaving here in a hearse, God can you feel me?
Take me away from all the pressure and all the pain
Show me some happiness again, I'm going blind
I spend my time in this cell, ain't living well
I know my destiny is Hell. Where did I fail?
My life is in denial and when I die
Baptized in eternal fire, shed so many tears

Lord! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears
I'm suicidal so don't stand near me
My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer
To embrace an early death, now there's nothing left
There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest
I'm barely standing, bout to go to pieces, screamin' peace
And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it
I had my mind full of demons trying to break free
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparking the flame
Inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game
No memories, just a misery
Painting a picture of my enemies killing me, in my sleep
Will I survive 'til the mornin' to see the sun
Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come

Lord! (God!), I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...
God! I lost so many peers

And Lord knows I tried, been a witness to homicide
Seen drive-bys takin' lives, little kids die
Wonder why as I walk by
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, getting high
This ain't the life for me, I wanna change
But ain't no future bright for me, I'm stuck in the game
I'm trapped inside a maze
See this Tanqueray influenced me to getting crazy
Disillusioned lately, I've been really wanting babies
So I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady
Don't trust my lady cause she's a product of this poison
I'm hearing noises, think she's fuckin' all my boys, can't take no more
I'm fallin' to the floor; beggin' for the Lord to let me in
To Heaven's door -- shed so many tears

Lord! lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...
Lord! I suffered many years, and shed so many tears...
God! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Writer(s): Gregory E Jacobs, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Eric Vandell Baker

2Pac Lyrics

"Temptations"

[Sample:]

Hey! Hey-ayyaahhyy

[2Pac:]

Yo Mo Bee mayn! Drop that shit!
You know what time, boo-yaow, I know it's time for you
So grab one by the hand you know what I'm sayin'
And uh, throw up that finger
Ayo throw y'all fingers up! Thug style baby, Thug style y'know?

[2Pac:]

Tell me baby are you lonely?
Don't wanna rush ya, I can help ya if ya only
Let me touch ya, if I'm wrong love tell me
'cause I get caught up, and the life I live is Hell see
I never thought I'd see, the day when I would calm down
You ain't heard, I've been known to clown and Get Around
That's my word, see you walkin' and you lookin' good
Yes indeed, got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin' me
With your attitude to match right?
Don't be phony, 'cause I hate when you act like
You don't know me I've be stressin' in the spotlight
I want the fame, but the industry's a lot like
A crap game, ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go
Can't be with you every minute miss, another show
And even though I'm known for my one night stand
(Look here) I wanna be an honest man
But temptations go

[2Pac:]

Throw up the finger! And all my homies go
Throw them the finger! Ya know what baby it's like

[Easy Mo Bee:]

I know you've been searchin' for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you needed, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[2Pac:]

Will I cheat or will I be committed, heaven knows
Gettin' weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go
In my ride and I'm all in
Gettin' high, I can hear the people callin'
I'm passin' by, everybody knows I'm ballin'
And to God, gotta keep myself from fall-in
But it's hard, all the cuties know I'm under pressure
What do I do, gettin' shaky when she pull the dress up
And say it's cool, should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide
If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie

Move close and let me whisper
Some dirty words in your ears as I kiss ya
On every curve, slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow
Can't hold it any longer, so let it go
Open the gates to your waterfall up in heaven
And don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was

[2Pac:]

Give 'em the finger!
All my homies go, throw your fingers up
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

[Easy Mo Bee:]

I know you've been searchin' for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you needed, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[2Pac:]

A lotta people think it's easy
To settle down, got a woman that'll please me
In every town, I don't wanna but I gotta do it
The temptation got me ready to release the fluid Sensation, sit down and conversate like you know me, take my
hand
'Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand
Even the hardest of my homies need attention
Catch you blowin' up the telephone, reminiscin'
I wanna take you to the movies, and the park
Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark
Now that it's passion, hold me tight
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight
I know your man ain't lovin' you right
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life
Enough talkin', you want me to leave, I'll get to walkin'
See you later, 'cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was

[2Pac:]

Give 'em the finger, and all my homies go
Yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know?
Throw your fingers up
You know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you

(Everybody, hey, alright
Hey, heyyyeah, heyyayy, oh)

All my niggas go, uptown in the, give 'em the finger!
Throw your hands up, give em the finger!

2Pac Lyrics

"Young Niggaz"

I wanna dedicate this one to Robert 'Yummy' Sandifer
And all other lil' Young Niggas that's in a rush to be gangstas

As a Young nigga, I'm almost runnin' in the wind
Give anything, to be that innocent again, when I was ten
I didn't bang but I was hangin' with the homies
'Til them niggas started slangin', now they don't know me
I got my hustle on, learned to ignore what couldn't pay me
Lately I've been tryin' to make a mill-ion, can you blame me?
With that jealousy they need to miss me, don't sweat me
If them cowards really want me, come get me, and even I
Someday will die but I'm cautious, I'm fin' to ride
Put down the top, now we flossin'
Hit the freeway, let the wind blow, drop the window
Workin' with a twenty sack of indo, feelin' good
Stop through the hood, grab the young thugs
And I can't help but reminisce back when we slung drugs, though it's bad
But all we had was our hopes and dreams
Couldn't see unless we learned to slang dope to fiends
As Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(As a strung nigga)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)
Always got it blown like Al Capone
(Strung nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

Back in Junior High, when we was barely gettin' by, when daddy died
That's when my momma started gettin' high
My neighborhood was full of drive-bys, couldn't survive
All our homies livin' short lives, I couldn't cry
Told my momma if I did die, just put a blunt in my casket
Let me get my dead homies high
Come follow me throughout my history, it's just
Me Against the World stuck in misery; as a young nigga
My only thing was to be paid
Life full of riches avoid snitches cause they shady, back in the days
We always found the time to play
But that's before they taught them gangbangers how to spray
Not just L.A., but in the Bay and in Chicago and even St. Louis
Every stadium that I go, when will they change?
Stuck in the game like a dumb nigga
Remember how it was, to be a young nigga

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(As a young nigga)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)

Always got it blown like Al Capone
(young nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

[Ad-lib:]

I'm tellin' you
...to be young, have your brains and have every limb and all that
Yo, y'all niggas don't know how good you really do got it
Muh'fuckers need to just calm down
And peep what the fuck they wanna do for the rest of the life
'Fore you end your life before you BEGIN your life
You dumb nigga

Now that I'm grown, I got my mind on bein' somethin'
Don't wanna be another statistic, out here doin' nuttin'
Tryin' to maintain in this dirty game, keep it real
And I will even if it kills me, my Young Niggas
Break away from these dumb niggas
Put down the guns and have some fun nigga, the rest'll come figure
Fame is a fast thang, that gangbangin'
Puttin' niggas in a casket, murdered for hangin'
At the wrong place at the wrong time, no longer livin'
Cause he threw up the wrong sign, and every day
I watch the murder rate increases, and even worse
The epidemic and diseases, what is the future?
The projects lookin' hopeless, where
More and more brothers givin' up and don't care
Sometimes I hate when brothers act up, I hit the weed
And I proceed to blow the track up, for Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(for the young niggas)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)
Always got it blown like Al Capone
(this for nigga.., this for the young nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
He always got it blown like Al Capone
He's the downest G I've ever known

[Collision over the last 4 lines:]

This go out to the young thugs, the have-nots (you know)
Little bad motherfuckers from the block (that's right)
Them niggas that's thirteen and fourteen
Drivin' Cadillacs, Benzes and shit (I see you boy)
Young motherfuckin' hustlers (make that money boy)
Stay strong nigga
You could be a fuckin' accountant, not a dope dealer
You know what I'm sayin'? (Go to school nigga, go to school)
Fuck around and, you pimpin' out here
You could be a lawyer (really doe)
Niggas gotta get they priorities straight
(Don't see Johnny Cochran out in this motherfucker)

Really doe. Young Niggas. little RahRah
(sup nigga) Especially my little cousins don't be no dumb guy
(Don't be a dumb nigga, listen, Young Niggas)

Thanks to Bonnie Barrow, Billy for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Black Lawrence Ernest, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Leftenant Nathan David, Singleton Charles, Stewart Loren Maurice, Jenkins
Thomas Michael, Tyler Le-morrious Damon

2Pac Lyrics

"Heavy In The Game"

(feat. Eboni Foster, Lady Levi, Richie Rich)

[Lady Levi:]

Oh, you Thug Life is yours?
Life ain't no something you can rap with
Ooh come no ordinary game
The game no something you can rap with
Me's a player you know?
I do not, play in no game
Me just, make money, dollars.
Every time, seen?

[2Pac:]

Now how can I explain how this game laced me, plus with this fame
I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude changed
Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four/seven
Money's my mission, just a nigga tryin' to make a livin'
These busta tricks don't want no mail
They spendin' they riches on skanless bitches, who'll stay petrified in jail
It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket
Jealous-ass bitches, player-hatin' but we still kick it
Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police
Seen so much murder, neighborhoods gettin' no sleep
But still, I get my money on major, continuously
Communicatin' through my pager, niggas know me
Don't have no homies since they jealous, I hustle solo
'Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas listen
Ain't nothin' poppin' 'bout no broke nigga, I ain't no joke
Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga
Heavy in the game

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]

(Game's been good to me)

Who the bumba clat him a come try take mine?
Oh, me see you rushin' up (Game's been good to me)
I throw I'm blood claat P.M. to A.M
All, all the bumba come ya take dis ting
For ya take dis ting for joke?
Oh, that's right (I don't care what it did to them
The game's been good to me)

[Richie Rich:]

(Well let me shoot some of this how heavy type of shit)
Certain niggas wanna stick to the game, you's a trick to the game
Waitin' upon your turn, son when will you learn?
Ain't no turns given, niggas be twistin' and takin' shit
Puttin' they sack down, then puttin' they mack down
Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland baller
Rule number one — check game, and fo' sho' you gon' respect game
Be your own nigga meanin' buy your own dope
Cause that front shit is punk shit, something I never funk'd with

Be true to this game and this game will be true to you
That's real shit; disrespect, see what this here do to you
That jackin' and robbin', despisin' your homie
Ain't healthy, niggas be endin' up dead 'fore they get wealthy
But not me though, I'm sewin' somethin' major
So what I reap is boss — that's why my public status is floss
Went from a, young nigga livin' residential
To a, young nigga workin' presidential

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]

(Game's been good to me)
Me nigga Tu-pac ALWAYS look good
You know that's true I'm look good every time
Ooh, pussy war? Step up (Game's been good to me)
Can yi know I'm serving up blood claat
Playing yi fucking games
Ooh, we take game, we won!
(I don't care what it did to them)
Any by now
(the game's been good to me)
All, yi haffa forget fi we won!
Everytime

[2Pac:]

I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth
Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse
Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse
My only way to stack mail, is out here doin' dirt
My decisions do or die, been hustlin' since junior high
No time for askin' why, gettin' high, gettin' mine
Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five shells
Cause life is hell, and everybody dies
What about these niggas I despise
Them loud talkin', cowards shootin' guns into crowds, jeopardizin' lives
Shoot 'em right between them niggas' eyes, it's time to realize
Follow the rules or follow them fools that die
Everybody's tryin' to make the news
Niggas confused, quit tryin' to be an O.G. and pay your dues
If you choose to apply yourself
Go with the grain then, come into riches and the bitches and the fame
Heavy in the game

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]

(Game's been good to me)
Boy, ya nah bitch!
Major that's true we look good everytime
When we at Beers Diamond
And 2Pac drives vintage car (Game's been good to me)
And fi them frame them look good, oh no?
This whole world ya call on
Gonna mass on a face
For any, section of bumba ras claat, oh!
(I don't care what it did to them)
(the game's been good to me)
Flush it! Oh!
Nobody wan come test me ya know

True them we a drive pretty car
Wanna no part of any ting
And now you wan come drown a gun
But ya see we know, you haffa show I'm maximum respect
For when a blood clat run or when a pussy walk up
We look good everytime
'Nough dollars, dollars!
Ya know about dollars, them right?
But we nah talk no shit
We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it?
'Cause action, action speak louder dan words
You n who the record partner
Don't blood claat ting at, ALL

Thanks to Sean L. for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Lewis Terry Steven, Harris James Samuel, Bostic Samuel, Mosley Michael

2Pac Lyrics

"Lord Knows"

Damn, another funeral, another motherfucker

Lord knows

*[*Pac is choking on blunt smoke*]*

Lord knows

*[*coughing harder*]*

Lord knows

*[*one final cough*]*

I smoke a blunt to take the pain out

And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out

I'm hopeless, they should've killed me as a baby

And now they got me trapped in the storm, I'm goin' crazy

Forgive me; they wanna see me in my casket

And if I don't blast I'll be the victim of them bastards

I'm losin' hope, they got me stressin', can the Lord forgive me

Got the spirit of a thug in me

Another sip of that drink, this Hennessey got me queasy

Don't wanna hurl, young nigga take it easy

Picture your dreams on a triple beam, and it seems

Don't underestimate the power of a fiend

To my homies on the block

Slangin' rocks with your Glocks put this tape in your box

When you're runnin from the cops -- and never look back

If they could be black, then they would switch

Open fire on them busta-ass bitches, and Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

Lord knows

*[*coughing again*]*

(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

The Lord knows

*[*still coughing*]*

(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

The Lord knows

(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

I wonder if the Lord will forgive me or bury me a G

I couldn't let my adversaries worry me

And every single day it's a test, wear a bulletproof vest

And still a nigga stressin' over death

If I could choose when a nigga die, figure I'd

Take a puff on the blunt, and let my trigga fly

When everyday it's another death, with every breath

It's a constant threat, so watch yo' step!

You could be next if you want to, who do you run to?

Murderin' niggas, look what it's come to

My memories bring me misery, and life is hard

In the ghetto, it's insanity, I can't breathe

Got me thinking, what do Hell got?

Cause I done suffered so much, I'm feelin' shell-shocked

And drive-by's an everyday thang
I done lost too many homies to this motherfuckin' game
And Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows
*[*coughing again*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
*[*still coughing*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

One-time! One-time!
Fuck the 5-0 cause they after me
Kill me if they could, I'll never let 'em capture me
Done lost too many niggas to this gangbangin'
Homies died in my arms, with his brains hangin', fucked up!
I had to tell him it was alright, and that's a lie
And he knew it when he shook and died, my God
Even though I know I'm wrong man
Hennessey make a nigga think he strong, man (heh heh)
I can't sleep, so I stay up, don't wanna fuck them bitches
Try to calm me down, I ain't givin' up
I'm gettin' lost in the weed, man, gettin' high
Livin' every day, like I'm gon' die (gon' die, gon' die)
I smoke a blunt to take the pain out
And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out
Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows!
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows. Jesus.
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(He is listening! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

(Lord knows. Lord knows. He He. He. He. He.)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Gallow Brian Q, Toney Kevin Kraig

2Pac Lyrics

"Dear Mama"

[2pac:]

You are appreciated
When I was young, me and my mama had beef
17 years old, kicked out on the streets
Though back at the time I never thought I'd see her face
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place
Suspended from school
And scared to go home, I was a fool
With the big boys breaking all the rules
I shed tears with my baby sister, over the years
We was poorer than the other little kids
And even though we had different daddies, the same drama
When things went wrong we'd blame mama
I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell
Huggin' on my mama from a jail cell
And who'd think in elementary, hey
I'd see the penitentiary one day?
And running from the police, that's right
Mama catch me, put a whoopin' to my backside
And even as a crack fiend, mama
You always was a black queen, mama
I finally understand
For a woman it ain't easy trying to raise a man
You always was committed
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how you did it
There's no way I can pay you back, but the plan
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]

Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

[2pac:]

Now, ain't nobody tell us it was fair
No love from my daddy, 'cause the coward wasn't there
He passed away and I didn't cry, 'cause my anger
wouldn't let me feel for a stranger
They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along
I was looking for a father he was gone
I hung around with the thugs
And even though they sold drugs
They showed a young brother love
I moved out and started really hangin'
I needed money of my own, so I started slangin'
I ain't guilty, 'cause even though I sell rocks
It feels good putting money in your mailbox
I love paying rent when the rent is due
I hope you got the diamond necklace that I sent to you
'Cause when I was low you was there for me

And never left me alone, because you cared for me
And I could see you coming home after work late
You're in the kitchen, trying to fix us a hot plate
You just working with the scraps you was given
And Mama made miracles every Thanksgivin'
But now the road got rough, you're alone
You're trying to raise two bad kids on your own
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]

Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

[2pac:]

Pour out some liquor and I reminisce
'Cause through the drama I can always depend on my mama
And when it seems that I'm hopeless
You say the words that can get me back in focus
When I was sick as a little kid
To keep me happy, there's no limit to the things you did
And all my childhood memories
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me
And even though I act crazy
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me
There are no words that can express how I feel
You never kept a secret, always stayed real
And I appreciate how you raised me
And all the extra love that you gave me
I wish I could take the pain away
If you can make it through the night, there's a brighter day
Everything will be alright if you hold on
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and Sweet Franklin (2Pac):]

Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady
Lady (Dear Mama)
Lady
Lady

Thanks to Alex Maldonado, www.raulmora.com, dikkevetteboer for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Joe Sample, Bruce Andre Hawes, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Charles B Simmons, Joseph B. Jefferson, Tony D Pizarro

2Pac Lyrics

"It Ain't Easy"

[Ad-lib:]

Keepin' it real

I take a shot of Hennessy, now I'm strong enough to face the madness
Nickel bag full of cess weed laced with hash
Phone calls from my niggas on the, other side
Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry
A damn shame, when will we ever change?
And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain?
Arguments with my Boo, it's true
I spend mo' time with my niggas than I do with you
But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game
I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame
I'll be hustlin' to make a mill-ion
Lord knows ain't no love for us ghetto children
So we cold, Rag-top slowin' down, time to stop for gas
Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass, uh
It ain't easy, that's my motto
Drinkin' Tanqueray straight out the bottle
Everybody wanna know if I'm insane
My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games
And all the drama got me stressin' like I'm hopeless
I can't cope me and the homies smokin' roaches
Cause we broke late night hangin' out 'til the sunrise gettin' high
Watchin' the cops roll by
It ain't easy... that's right... it ain't easy

...easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

I can't sleep, niggas plottin' on me, kill me while I'm dreamin'
Wake up sweaty and screamin', cause I can hear them suckers schemin'
Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin'
A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died
I wonder why this just the way it is
Even now lookin' out for these killa kids
Cause they wild
Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin'
Doin' twenty to life in San Quentin
Gettin' calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nuttin' nice
Yo 'Pac, do something righteous witcha life
And even though you're innocent you still a nigga, so they figure, rather have you behind bars than triggers
But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life
Lickin' shots 'til I see my niggas free on the block
But no it ain't easy, hahahah
'Til I see my niggas free on the block, uh

It ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary?..

Lately been reminiscin'
'Bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block
Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks
Just a project kid without a conscience, I'm havin' dreams
Of hearin' screams at my concerts
Me and all my childhood peers through the years tryin' to stack a little green
I was only seventeen, when I started servin' fiends
And I wish there was another way to stack a dolla
Sold my Impala cause these hard times make me wanna holla
Will I live to see tomorrow, am I fallin' off?
I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all
Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin'
I can't go home 'cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin'
So now I'm in this high powered cell at the county jail
Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail
What, do I do in these county blues
Gettin' battered and bruised by the you know who
And these fakes get to shakin' when they face me
Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me
Sittin' in this, livin' hell, listenin' to niggas yell
Tryna torture 'em to tell, I'm gettin' mail
But ain't nobody sayin' much, the same old nuts
Is makin' bucks while these sluts is gettin' fucked
They violated my probation
And it seems I'll be goin' on a long vacation
Meanwhile it ain't easy..
No it ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

Thanks to Sleepy A for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Pizarro Tony D

2Pac Lyrics

"Can U Get Away"

(feat. Anya Pinto)

[2Pac and Anya talking:]

Whassup? It's 2Pac. Can you get away?
Let me come swoop you up
(You know I got a man)
I know you got a man, but he ain't gon' mind if I take you out
(Of course he gon' mind)
Let me take you to lunch, I'll have you back before he even get home, before anybody see
(I can't, he ain't gon' let me
Aww c'mon! Please...
(Nah)
Oh aight – what's wrong with your eye?
Why you got on glasses?

[2Pac:]

Ever since I met ya I could peep the pressure
It's like your man don't understand, all he does is stress ya
I can see your state of misery from the introduction
Ain't 'bout no suckin' and touchin', just harmless discussion
Maybe we can see a better way, find a brighter day
Late night phone conversations – would that be OK?
I don't wanna take up all your time, be the next in line
Tell me your size, let me find you things with you in mind
I can see you're cautious and I'm careful not to scare you
The anticipation of love makin'
Got you shakin' when I'm standin' near you
News of precision will prepare ya
In case you get scared, just ask the man in the mirror
Now the picture's gettin' clearer
All he does is hit you hard
I tell you to leave him, and you tell me keep my faith in God
I don't understand, I just wanna bring ya home
I wonder should I leave you alone
And find a woman of my own
All the homies tell me that you don't deserve it
I contemplate – but in my heart I know you worth it
Tell me, can you get away?

Ebony, can you get away?
C'mon... Let's go... Can you get away?
Can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]

So much pressure in the air (I know, I know)
And I can't get away (Just for a little while love)
I'm not happy here (I know it's hard but, can you get away?)
So much pressure in the air
(Let's go man, get up outta there, can you get away?)
And I can't get away (Do you love him?)
I'm not happy here (Do you love that man?)

[2Pac:]

Could it be my destiny to be lonely?
Ain't checkin' for these hoochies that be on me
'Cause they phony
But you was different, I got no need to be suspicious
'Cause I can tell, my life with you would be delicious
The way you lick your lips and shake your hips got me addicted
I'm sittin' here hopin' that we can find some way to kick it
Even though I got your digits, gotta struggle to resist it
Slowly advance when it's my chance not to miss it
You blow me kisses when he ain't lookin'
Now your heart's taken
My only wish is that you change your mind and he get shook
Wanna take you there but you scared to follow
Come see tomorrow
Hopin' I can take you through the pain and sorrow
Let you know I care – that someone's there for your struggle
Depend on me, when you have needs or there's trouble
I wanna give you happiness and maybe even more
I told you before, no time to waste
We can hook up at the store. Can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]

So much pressure in the air (I know it is)
And I can't get away (Yeah, you can)
I'm not happy here (You ain't happy, huh? Can you get away?)
So much pressure in the air (I know... is he beatin' on you?)
And I can't get away (Did he punch you?)
I'm not happy here (Throwin' you around the house?)

[2Pac:]

I sit here reminiscin' and I hope you listenin'
In the position to pressure and offer competition
Me and you was meant to be my destiny, no longer lonely
'Cause now it's on for you and me, all I can see
A happy home – that's my fantasy
But my reality is problems with your man and me
What can I do? Don't wanna lose you to this sucker
'Cause if he touch ya, I got some drama for that busta
Don't wanna rush ya, but make your mind up fast
Nobody knows, on who controls will it last?
Before I ask, I hope you see that I'm sincere
And even if you stay with him today I'm still here
I refuse to give up, 'cause I believe in what we share
You're livin' in prison and what he's givin' can't compare
'Cause everything I feel for you I wanna let you know
Passionately yours and I'll never let you go
Tell me, can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]

So much pressure in the air (Can't get away why?)
And I can't get away
I'm not happy here
(Let me take you away, all I wanna know, can you get away?)
So much pressure in the air (Man)

And I can't get away (Course you can get away)
I'm not happy here
(If you really wanted to get away, you could get away)

[2Pac:]

You ain't got to go through all this drama and this stress
With this old half a man, ya know what I'm sayin'?
I ain't tryin' to put you in a position
Where you gotta give up your lifestyle for everything
You need, but now... he ain't even takin' care of you
He beatin' on you and shit; look how you look!
You too motherfuckin' raw to be with that nigga
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
Shake that sucker to the left
Let me show you what this life is really about
Ya know what I'm sayin'? You need to be on first class
Need to be goin' to Hawaii, seein' the world
Seein' what this world got to offer you
Not goin' to, ya know what I'm sayin'?
The emergency room, gettin' stitches
'Cause this nigga done got jealous. Don't cry, it's all good

[2Pac and Anya talking again:]

Can you take me from here?
Shake that man, get away
Can you take me from here?
I'ahhhhhm unhappy here
And I need you to show me love
Because it's so much pressure now
And I need to get awayyyheyyyeahhh

Thanks to charlesgagnon69 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Mosley Michael, Beverly Frankie

2Pac Lyrics

"Old School"

[2Pac:]

Here we go; we gonna send this one out to the old school
All these motherfuckers in the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and Staten Island
Queens, and all the motherfuckers that laid it down, the foundation
Ya know what I'm saying? Nothing but love for the old school
That's who were going do this one for, ya feel me?

[Grand Puba sample:]

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[5x]

[2Pac:]

I remember Mr. Magic, FLASH, Grandmaster Caz
LL, Raising Hell, but, that didn't last
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D
and Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill
Had my homies on the hill getting ill, when shit was real
Went out to steal. Remember Raw, with Daddy Kane?!
when De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game
I can't explain how it was, Whodini
had me puffin on that Buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block
You diggy don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school

[Grand Puba sample:]

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]

I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets
I'm playing skelly, Ringolevio, or catch a kiss
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a bitch
I remember. Way back, the weak weed they had
Too many seeds in the trey bag
I'm on the train headin uptown, freestyling
With some wild kids from Bucktown, profiling
Cus the hoochies was starin, thinking, "What them niggas wearing?"
I'm wondering if that's her hair, I remember
Stickball, humpin hoochies on the wall
Or taking leaks on the steps, stinking up the hall
Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile
A young nigga tryin to stay away from Rikers Isle
Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true

Out on the roof sipping 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old school

[Grand Puba sample:]

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]

Remember popping and locking to Kurtis Blow, the name belts
And Scott LaRock the Super Ho back in Latin Quarters
When Slick Rick was spittin La Di Da Di
Gaming the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties
I remember, breakdancing to Melle Mel
Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells
Forget the TV, I'd rather hit the streets and do graffiti
Be careful don't let the transit cops see me
It ain't nothing like the old school!

[Grand Puba sample:]

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]

Haha, on the real though
Remember seeing Brooklyn go crazy up in the motherfucking party?
Remember motherfuckers used to go, "Is Brooklyn in the house?"
And motherfuckers would lose they God Damn Mind!
That's the old school to me; that's what I'm sayin (Super, Sperm)
I remember goin places that motherfuckers was scared to say
they was from anywhere but Brooklyn; that shit was the bomb
Back in the motherfucking old school nigga
Remember skelly nigga? Knocking niggas out the box, popping boxes?
Remember stickball? Member niggas to run that shit like that?
Remember the block-- 'Member screaming up at your moms from the window?
(LL Cool J is hard as HELL...)
The ice cream truck, remember all the mother--
'Member the Italian Ices, yo? Yo, remember the Italian Ices?!
The Spanish Niggas comin' down with the coconut ices and shit?
I came through the door, said it before
That was the SHIT!

Writer(s): Buchanan, Shaker, Tilery

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck The World"

(feat. Digital Underground)

[2Pac:]

(Haha, what you say?)
Who you callin' rapist?
Ain't that a bitch
You devils are so two faced
Wanna see me locked in chains, dropped in shame
And gettin' stalked by these crooked cops again
Fuckin' with the young Black male, tryin' to stack bail
And um, stay away from the packed jails
I told the judge I'm in danger
And that's why I had that four-five with one in the chamber
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]

They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(Uh, I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They're tryna say that I don't care
(Just got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

[2Pac:]

When I was comin' up rough that wasn't even what you called it
That's why I smoke blunts now and run with alcoholics
I'm gettin' flex to me, comin' from my enemies
And in their dreams it's hell where they sendin' me
Have I lost control or just another soul?
A car full of motherfuckers when we roll
Sippin' on yak as I sit back
Life as a big mack
Brothers come up and say, "You did that?"
Never take your eyes off the prize and even if you gettin' high
Don't ever hesitate to try
Cause you can fall off or stay ballin', niggas we all in
And them my motherfuckers callin'
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]

They tryna say that I don't care
(Woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They're tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They're tryna say that I don't care

[2Pac:]

(Man, Fuck the world)
Damn, they wanna label me a menace
Cause I'm sittin' here sippin' on Guinness
Weighin' 165 and these tricks should die
For being jealous of a brother when he rise
I can see it in your eyes, you wanna see a young playa fallin'
They hate to see a nigga ballin'
Some of you suckers is rotten, plottin' on what I got
And then you wonder why I shot him (Booyeah)
Stop givin' game for free, you wanna hang with me
Like being a thug is the thang to be
But I got love for my homies, the G's and macks
And if you're black, you better stay strapped
Nigga, fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]

They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
(Haha, Fuck the world!)
(Fuck it)
(I hear my niggas screamin' "Fuck the world")

[2Pac:]

They wanna know if I claim the clique that I'm hangin' with
And if I'm down with this bangin' shit
Well homie I don't give a fuck if you Blood or Cuz
Long as you got love for thugs
But don't try to test me out, stall that
Homie this is Thug Life nigga and we all strapped
I been through hell and back and if I fail, black
Then it's back to the corner where we sell crack
Some of you niggas is bustas, you runnin' round
With these tramp-ass bitches, don't trust her
But don't cry, this world ain't prepared for us
A straight thug motherfucker who ain't scared to bust
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]

They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care (They tryna say that I don't care)
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
Yeah what's goin on y'all?)

Uh, uh, uh. Fuck the world!

[Shock G singing:]

I don't care. I don't care, I don't care!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gregory E. Jacobs

2Pac Lyrics

"Death Around The Corner"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

[Child:] Why you by the window? What's wrong daddy?

[Mother:] I know what's wrong with that crazy motherfucker

He just stand by the goddamn window
With that fuckin' AK all day (there you go)
You don't work, you don't fuck, you don't
You don't do a goddamn thing

I see death around the corner, gotta stay high while I survive
In the city where the skinny niggas die
If they bury me, bury me as a G nigga, no need to worry
I expect retaliation in a hurry
I see death around the- corner, anyday
Tryin' to keep it together, no one lives forever anyway
Strugglin' and strivin', my destiny's to die
Keep my finger on the trigger, no mercy in my eyes
In a ball of confusion, I'm thinkin' 'bout my daddy
Madder than a motherfucker, they never shoulda had me
I guess I seen too many murders, the doctors can't help me
Got me stressin' with my pistol in my sheets, it ain't healthy
Am I paranoid? - Tell me the truth
I'm out the window with my AK, ready to shoot
Ran out of indo and my mind can't take the stress, I'm out of breath
Make me wanna kill my damn self; but I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner

("But having respect, that feels even better.")

I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner

("But having respect, that feels even better.")

I see death around the corner, the pressure's gettin' to me
I no longer trust my homies - them phonies tried to do me
Smokin' too much weed, got me paranoid, stressed
Pack a gat and my vest, under my clothes when I dress
Here's hopin' I die the way I lived, straight thuggin'
Huggin' my trigger for all them niggas that was buggin'
My homie told me once, don't you trust them other suckers
They front like they your homies but they phony motherfuckers
And even if I did die young, who'd care
All I ever got was mean mugs and cold stares
Got homies in my head that done passed away screamin', please
Young nigga, make G's
I can't give up, although I'm hopeless, I think my mind's gone
All I can do is get my grind on, death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")

(I was raised) I was raised in the city, shitty
Ever since I was an itty bitty kitty
Drinkin' liquor out my momma's titty
And smokin' weed was an everyday thang in my household
And drinkin' liquor til' you out cold
And though I'm grown now, nigga it's still on - Pow!
Bustin on them niggas 'til they gone
How many more jealous ass bitches, comin' for my riches
Now I gotta be suspicious when I bone
Cause if I ain't sharp and heartless, them bitches'll start shit
Excuse me, but this is where we part bitch
No more game for free, please explain to me
Why niggas trip bitch, who you came to see?
Murder me now but see me later man, that's on my pops
I got homies that will hunt you 'til you drop
I hope the Lord can forgive me, I was a G
And gettin' high was a way of bein' free; I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner

This is for all the real motherfuckin' niggas out there
I know you ain't scared to die; we all gotta go, y'know?
A real motherfucker will pick the time he goes
And make sure he handles his motherfuckin' business
("You think you're gonna live long enough to spend that money
You fuckin hump?" -)
Y'all niggas stop actin' like pussies out there, all right

*[*movie samples*]*

"If any of you.
Are tired of gettin' ripped off by guys like that." -

"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"
"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"

"I want that son of a bitch dead, I want him dead!
I want him dead, I don't care."

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Outlaw"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac (RahRah):]

That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this motherfucker
I ain't mad at ya at all (damn)
Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up RahRah?
(Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin' Outlaw)
That's right nigga, hahaha. Housin' these hoes, you feel me?
(Aight, you know what I'm sayin'?)
You got to do that shit, keepin' it real nigga or what?
(Keepin' it real!)
How old are you nigga?
(I'm eleven)

[2Pac:]

Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state
Preoccupied with homicide, tryin' to survive through this crime rate
Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards
Gunfire now they require many closed caskets
Who can you blame? It's insane what we been through
Witnessin' evil that these men do, bitches sin too
In fact they be the reasons niggas get to bleedin'
Pull 'n' fuckin' fire when I leave 'em, you shoulda seen 'em
Hostile hoes catch elbows (beotch!) negroes disposed of
and snitches get dealt with, with no love
Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury
I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry
But never worry, they'll remember me through history
Causin' motherfuckers to bleed, they'll label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]

Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin' well
When I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell
Just as well, cause in my cell I'm keepin' pictures of these bastards
Exercisin', visualizin', everyone inside a casket
Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggas in masks
Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass
Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail?
Shit's hard, who can you tell? And if we fail?
High speeds, and Thai weed on the freeway
When will they learn to take it easy? Uh
Drive-by's and niggas die, murder without a motive
By makin' motherfuckers fry
Got me runnin' from these coward-ass crooked-ass cops
Helicopters tryna hover over niggas 'til we drop
Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire
Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, cause she's a liar
Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch

"Motherfuckers is crooked," is what I scream, and hit the fence
I commence to get wicked, spittin' rounds as the plot thickens
Never missin', an early grave is my only mission
If I die, never worry, bury me beside my four-five
May God forgive me, I was high, label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[Dramacydal:]

[Kadafi:]

Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be
My mob'll be doin' robberies, and stickups on these wannabe's
I witnessed niggas lose they chest
For ordinary reasons niggas bodies put to rest

[Kastro:]

So I just... swallow my Beck's and holla, "Fuck 'em!"
And if I'm next... just let a nigga step with somethin'
I ain't fearin' nuttin'

[EDI Amin (Kastro):]

Young and thuggin', prepared for bustin' if that's my destiny
Ready for whatever, see you niggas can't get the best of me
(hold me down) Definitely no need for askin'
(now he mashin') Top speed (smokin' weed) laughin' (biotch!)

[Napoleon:]

Cause when I bust 'em they gonna shiver, the killers cry
Soldiers got bodies floatin' in the river, what is they sayin'?
Talkin' 'bout prayin'

[Kadafi:]

They need to stop, that ain't gon' help
These niggas sprayin' up my block

[Napolean:]

Tryin' to take my wealth

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]

Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge
Punk police, niggas run the streets
Hahah, it ain't nuttin' but music
Shit's changed
1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin REAL strange
The rules is all rearranged
You got babies lyin' dead in the streets
These punk police is crooked as me
but all I see is motherfuckers actin less than G's
Stop bein' a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga
Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger
Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel
Cause you know these streets is real ill
Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket
Jealous, motherfuckin' bastards
I never die, thug niggas multiply

Cause after me is Thug Life baby
Then the young thugs
Then the youngest thug of all, my nigga RahRah!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Stewart Loren Maurice